GNOSIS: APOCRYPHON 10/12

This was the fall to end all falls, the end
Confounding all true ends. And yet not quite:
The One, then brimming with parental love,
At once felt pity for His spirit-kind
Which Saklas had unknowingly released,
But which still wandered in the orbit of
The Powers, an orphan of a kingly line
Without a regent, subject to the whim
Of upstart tyrants thrall themselves to time.
And so He sent in His beneficence
A helper for Sophia's hard-pressed power -
The refugee in Adam's breast - a light
From Light, a living icon of true Life,
The one called Zoe, Adam's ghostly nurse
And teacher, toiling at his side, to show
The way to his beginning and his end,
And how he fell, and how again might rise.
This Eva nestled in the new Man's heart,
Out of the Powers' sight, that Wisdom might
With healing grace thus find her lost way home.
And that Life was the Light of men. And so
Now Adam shone, refulgent in this light,
With rainbow-aura, envy of the Powers
Who made him. And his mind outshone them all.
The Mother-Father, rich in mercy, One
Who shows concern although He has no need,
He sent us Zoe, nurturing the power
That dwells within the heart of His own race,
And those who turn their face unto the light.
But Saklas, when he saw a light had shed,
Found ways to make this earth a darker place.

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